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E L E G I E

On the much to be Lamented Death of the Worthy

UMPHREY MILNE

Watch-Maker, Burgeſs of the Metropolitan CITY of

SCOTLAND

Who Departed this Life, November, the 18th. 1695.

IN Gloomie Shades of darkſome Night, where *Phæbus* hides his Head,
I heard an Echo cry aloud, that *Umphey Milne* was dead;
My ſtupid Senſes roſe aloft, and wackned with a Cry,
Let *Pegasus* the Muſes Horſe, go through the Air, and fly
To tell the Ends of all the Earth, that he has loſt his Bréath:
The Higheſt Powers, lookt from Above, thought him to Good for Earth,
O! Monſtrous Dearh, and Bloody Foe, thou Enemy of Man!
Thou's barbled all thy Arrows great, from Earth now has him taue,
That was a Credit to this Land, known by all of great Note,
Though he was born an *Engliſh* Man, he was a Real SCOT.
He cooſt a Copy to all Men, who ever ſhall ſucceed,
He teacht Brave Men his Noble Art, did not eat Iddle Bread:
Many may Lament full ſore, that he is dead and gone,
Beſide his Wife, and deareſt Friends, the Poor will him Bemoan,
Death with his fearful bloody Syth, has cutt this Sedar down,
But he has left his Art behind, even to his great Renown;
His Name will bloſome in the Duſt, his Actions were ſo Good,
He was ſo kind to Poor and Rich, and ſtill he feared GOD,
He was belov'd of every one,, and namely by the Common,
Though he was call'd *EPISCOPAL*, be ſure he was no *Roman*,
He wore a Badg of Secreſie, and well did know its worth;
There was a motto upon it, and that was called Truth;
None dare but Venerat his Name, Pious Good and Kind;
He's gone from Earth to Heavens Glore, left not his match behind.
My Quill cannot Deſcribe him right, the Truth of this I know:
For any thing that I can gueſs, there's few like him below.
I will not name his Parentage: His Breeding, nor his Birth:
But he that runs, may read his Life, he was a Man of Worth;
He valued not this Eatth below, although he had it *fatis*,
He Lov'd to lay his Stock above, and now he is *Beatis*.
He's left this Region here below, that is with troubles croſt,
And gone where he'll get leave to ſing, *Glore to the HOLY GHOST*.
Since none can well Deſcribe his Worth, that in this Land doth dwell,
He'll waken at the Trumpit's blow, and answer for himſell.

EPITAPH.

*Here lyes a Man, both Good and Rare,
That for his Art none could Compare.*